

## A RUN WITH THE EXTRA FREIGHT.

Through a Burning Forest With  
a Train Load of Powder.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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To live within sight and hearing of a railroad, to have a big brother who is an engineer on that railroad and to make trips with him whenever he will allow and school does not interfere is a state of things calculated to please the average boy, and it did please Roy Kinsley, who was rather more than the average.

When he could sit on the high seat opposite Hal he felt like a king, and the only thing he needed in order to make him perfectly happy was a chance to run the engine, if only for a few minutes. But that was something which Hal, who was a very careful engineer, never allowed.

Yet Roy seldom lacked occupation while on the engine, for if the bell was not to be rung nor the whistle to be blown he could always help Jack Dunn to fire.

One afternoon Hal came home looking vexed.

"Roy, do you want to go up to Silverton with me tonight?" he asked as his brother met him at the door. "Here I'm just back from my run and have got orders to take an extra freight up the branch tonight, which means only four hours' sleep, if I get any. But that isn't the trouble. Dunn's sick and not fit to be out of bed, much less at work. I can't get another man before morning, so you see how it is. Will you fire this trip for me?"

"Of course I will," exclaimed Roy. "It's just what I want. Hooley!"

He rushed about to get his cap, overalls and heavy coat. Hal smiled at the boy's excitement.

"You won't be quite so chipper by the time we get to Silverton," said he. "It's hard, rough work enough when you have to keep at it steadily even for a strong boy like you. It isn't like taking a turn at the shovel whenever you fancy."

"Well, I can go and will," declared Roy, following his brother toward the station, "and when I get too tired and lazy to work my passage I want to be put off."

A few minutes later the freight train pulled out of the yard. There were only three cars, and Hal grumbled to himself that it wasn't worth the trouble it caused. This seemed to be the opinion of the conductor, who wore a remarkably gloomy countenance and appeared to be much out of humor, although he said nothing whatever.

The Silverton branch ran through an almost uninhabited country to a large mining settlement some thirty miles from the junction.

The single track was shut in by thick woods on both sides throughout the greater part of this distance and was consequently far from presenting any objects of interest along its way. But Hal Kinsley did not find fault with it on account of that. He had no grade crossings, switches nor signals to watch, no stray cows nor reckless men to avoid running over and no other trains to bother him.

"If railroading was always like this," he remarked at the end of a few miles, "there would be a good many less accidents and a good many more engineers dying of old age. But still there's always a drawback somewhere."

"I don't see any now," Roy objected between two shovelfuls.

"You will, though, before we've gone much farther. Look at all this smoke!"



"DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT?" It means that the woods up the line are on fire and that we shall have to run in a snail's pace so that we can't be able to see our smokestack half the time."

Just then a man came scrambling over the tender into the cab. It was the conductor, Tom Brainerd, who looked even more dejected than when they started.

"Bad night, isn't it, Kinsley?" said he, staring through the front windows down the smoky vista made by the road, now rapidly growing dim in the twilight. "That fire was working toward the line when I came down this morning. We shall run pretty close to it, I'm thinking, for it shows a right activity."

He pointed to a place where, in the distance, the darkening sky was stained with a dingy red glow which pulsed and flushed as the sunbeams came on a cold winter night.

"Well, what if we do?" returned Hal, indifferently. "It isn't the first time

we've seen a brush fire. Don't you remember last fall down on the southern branch when we?"

"Yes, yes; I remember that well enough," snapped the conductor in an irritated manner. "But there's some difference between then and now, I can tell you. If we get through all right it'll be because—"

He stopped short in what he had been about to say, took another long stare ahead and then, without speaking again, climbed back over the tender, swung himself upon the first car and disappeared.

"What's got into Tom Brainerd tonight?" said Hal. "I never saw him never touches a cap I should say he'd been drinking, but that can't be."

During the next half hour Brainerd repeatedly appeared on the top of the car, gazing toward the rapidly increasing light ahead. The occasional glare from the furnace door showed the same anxious, alarmed expression upon his usually stern face.

The cars were so few that he had no brakeman with him. This fact might account for his restlessness, since it obliged him to keep watch of the train. But why did he come here? He could have kept watch as well from his proper position in the lookout on the rear car.

"What can be the trouble with him?" Hal asked when Brainerd appeared for the tenth time above them. "He seems to be terribly afraid of that fire, but I can't see why he should be scared."

The train, making good time, had half finished its journey. The smoke had become so thick that nothing could be seen a rod away, and through it came the intermittent, warning flashes of the great fire.

The air grew hot, and little drifts of ashes formed against the projecting parts of the locomotive. Sparks and dead cinders rattled against the cab windows.

"We are running right into it," said Hal, coughing and wiping his inflamed eyes upon his coat sleeve without removing either hand from the machinery. "And it looks to me as if it was sweeping up on both sides of us," added Roy. "Is there any danger, Hal?"

"No," answered the engineer—"that is, not unless the heat warps the rails, which isn't probable, for the roadway is too wide for that. We'll blister our paint a trifle and maybe have to put out a blaze or two on the cars, but that'll be all. I've been in just such places before."

A few minutes passed, and then, as if a curtain had been drawn away, the smoke disappeared and the train plunged into relatively clear air between two lines of flaming trees which sent up great gushes of fire under the hurrying clouds of black vapor that they had rolled into the sky.

As far down the track as one could see, away to the vanishing point where the two burning fronts of the forest seemed to join, it was the same.

"Whew!" exclaimed Hal. "This is a scorcher! I'll let her out a bit and make a rush through it."

Just then Brainerd leaped into the cab.

"What are you doing, Kinsley?" he shouted. "You are not going on?"

"Going on?" gasped Hal, utterly amazed. "Of course I'm going on. I'm not afraid of a little fire, I hope, but by George, Tom Brainerd, I believe you are."

"Reverse quick, man, and back us out!" said Brainerd in a harsh, vehement voice, seizing the engineer's arm with both hands. "Yes, I'm afraid. Reverse her, I tell you."

Hal pushed the conductor aside with a thrust of his strong elbow. "Don't you know better than that?" cried he angrily. "What's the matter with you, Tom Brainerd? You act like a crazy man."

"I'll be a dead one and you and the boy, too, if you don't back out," persisted Brainerd. "Do you know what we've got for freight?"

Hal and Roy looked at him half frightened. He had certainly lost his senses, they thought.

"No, and I don't care," said Hal. "But what is it?"

"Blasting powder!" screamed the conductor.

"What?" cried the brothers together. "Yes, tons of it for the Silverton mines. And the handlers loosened the staves of two or three kegs when they loaded it, so that there's loose powder scattered all about the next car."

Kinsley pulled the throttle wide open. "Sit down, Tom," he commanded calmly without looking at the conductor. "We can't go back. The fire's all along that way by this time. We must put her through. Coal up, Roy, but not too much. Quick, boy!"

When in a position of peril a determined, strong-willed man makes up his mind to a certain course there is something about him which makes all others yield to his plans. Brainerd did not attempt to assert his authority over the train, but sat perfectly still, his fists clinched, his eyes set, Roy, pale faced, but steady, fed the firebox as if he were a part of the machinery.

The engine leaped and bounded under Hal's hard driving, crashing and rattling so fiercely that the roaring flames on either side sent no sound to the ears of those in the cab.

Suddenly Brainerd sprang up, took a spare shovel, some cotton waste and a bucket of water and left the cab. Roy, turning, saw him on top of the freight car, scraping off the sparks and swabbing out the little fires which started upon the dry boards of the roof.

"Tom's a brave fellow," said Hal. "It was the worry and dread that made him weaken. You see, he knew where the fire was and knew what he had got to carry through it if he met it. But he's all right from this on."

Hal had momentarily taken his eyes off the track while saying this. When

he turned them back he gave a nervous start and then, seizing the whistle cord, signalled "Down brakes!" while with the other hand he closed the throttle.

"Jump, Roy, and put on our brakes back there!"

A great burning tree lay across the rails ahead. Even while Roy threw his weight on the brakes he was thinking, "What shall we do now?" and before he had finished turning the iron wheel he had thought.

The drag and jar behind showed that Brainerd, obeying Hal's signal, was setting the car brakes, and soon, the reduced speed allowing it, Hal reversed.

The locomotive, sliding and grating along, came slowly to a stand some yards from the blazing obstruction.

Before the train stopped Roy had opened his knife and cut away the leather curtain which closes the back of every engine cab. Rolling up the curtain, he plunged it into the water tank, drew it out dripping wet, threw it over his shoulders and, with an ax in his hand, jumped down and ran forward toward the burning tree.

Now he felt the heat as he had not felt it before, when under cover and



HE FELT THE TREE TRUNK BREAK.

fanned by the current of air made by the speed at which they had moved. The hot atmosphere struck through the soaked leather, and on his bare hands it was like glowing iron.

Roy chopped blindly on, and as he did so he wondered confusedly whether he could hold out long enough to finish his task and, if he could, how the ponderous trunk might be moved off the track. All the time he had in his mind the terrible contents of those tin box cars now standing motionless beneath a shower of sparks.

"It's all up with us, I guess," he thought, still swinging the ax.

A voice came faintly to him from the rear. It was Hal's.

"Come back, Roy!"

With one final blow he felt the tree trunk break. Then he somehow managed to stagger to the side of the engine, and his brother lifted him on board.

"I can do the rest," said Hal. He turned on the steam, backed some distance and then ran full tilt at the divided tree.

The pilot caught it, tossed it aside, and it fell end over end into the ditch. Once more the train flew on with wide open throttle.

The smoke came down again; the fire receded into the woods; the searing heat diminished. As the train, leaping out of the forest into the cleared land around Silverton, drew up at the little station, Roy, who had lain exhausted on the footboard ever since his brother had pulled him up, looked up. He saw Tom Brainerd coming in black, blistered and without a particle of hair, eyebrows or mustache remaining.

"Well, boys," said he cheerfully, "the fast powder freights on time."

It was ahead of time, too, and in a badly damaged condition. The engine's gay paint and varnish were peeling off in great flakes, and the bright brass-work was tarnished and blackened. The seared, charred cars were wonders to look at, especially when one thought what they held.

Tom Brainerd must have worked desperately all the time the train was in the burning forest in order to save them.

"Well, I did jump around rather lively," Tom admitted, "but it was no more than right for me to pay for my scare somehow."

Hal was the same as ever. The only praise he gave Roy was contained in one remark, but this remark conveyed the greatest compliment he could bestow.

"You'll make a railroad man some day, sonny," was what he said.

The Mirrors in the Stores.

"Shoplifters will do well to take notice of the position of mirrors in department stores," said a floorwalker. "It is not just for the sake of pleasing women customers that store proprietors put in so many mirrors. They serve a much more important purpose in helping to detect thieves. If you were to keep your eye on the watchers in some of the big stores you would not notice that they don't watch the patrons directly. They look at their reflections in the mirrors. Naturally their watching done that way is much less easily perceived by a shoplifter. The thief glances at the watcher, sees that his back is toward her, and then she secretes a pair of silk stockings or a bolt of lace in her shirt waist. The next moment, however, she may feel an unfriendly tap on the shoulder, and the watcher, having detected her by the mirror's aid, requests her to accompany him to the office."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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### BRUTAL ASSAULT.

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A dispatch to The State says one of the most brutal crimes that has happened in Pickens county for some time was committed some days ago on a respectable lady, 83 years old, living by herself, though close to one of her sons. After she had fastened the doors and blew out the light a man came to her bed and demanded her money. She said, "I have no money, my son has it." He then assaulted her.

He gained admittance by going up a ladder to an upstairs window. The lady does not know positively who it was, as it was dark, but knows it was a negro by his kinky hair.

The matter was kept quiet until Friday. Suspicion rested on Sam Vaughn, a negro who was working at the settlement. He begged his employer Friday morning to cancel the contract, and the latter did so. Vaughn made one statement, which, connected with other circumstances, led to suspicions, and he was arrested Friday evening and placed in jail Friday night.

The people of the eastern part of the county are considerably wrought up over the deed.

### Jumped From Window.

Mrs. Charles D. Bray, of Florence, who, while a patient at the Hygeia Hospital at Richmond, Va., jumped from a second story window on Friday and injured herself so badly, died Saturday. Mrs. Bray was about thirty years of age, and was an excellent lady.

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	Cost.	Selling
125 bbls. spirits at . . . . .	\$ 1.45	\$ . . . .
5 bbls. Monticello whiskey, Spring, '05, at . . . . .	2.14	3.45
5 bbls. Stewart whiskey, Spring, '05, at . . . . .	2.22 1/2	3.25
5 bbls. Pikeville whiskey, Spring, '05, at . . . . .	2.25	3.25
5 bbls. Mt. Vernon whiskey, Spring, '05, at . . . . .	2.25	3.25
5 bbls. Grain alcohol . . . . .	2.69	3.50
20 bbls. pure distilled gin . . . . .	1.51 1/2	2.75
50 bbls. corn whiskey . . . . .	1.48	2.50
3 bbls. Red Star rum . . . . .	1.62	2.75
90 days, f. o. b. Orangeburg. Goods to be shipped from Government bonded warehouse.		

To Belroy Distilling Company, Louisville, Ky.—

	Cost.	Selling
5 bbls. Belroy malt whiskey, Spring, '04, at . . . . .	\$ 2.25	\$ 3.25
5 bbls. Belroy Bourbon whiskey, Spring, '05, at . . . . .	2.10	3.00
75 bbls. Belroy corn whiskey, at . . . . .	1.50	2.50
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To E. A. Saunders Sons' Company, Richmond, Va.—

	Cost.	Selling
25 bbls. Va. Mountain corn whiskey, Spring, '05, at . . . . .	\$ 1.85	\$ 2.00
90 days, f. o. b. Orangeburg, S. C. Goods to be shipped from Government bonded warehouse.		

To Anheuser Brewing Association, St. Louis, Mo.—

	Cost.	Selling
3 cars Budweiser beer, qts. and pts. . . . .	\$10.25	\$18.00
90 days, f. o. b. Orangeburg, S. C.	10.75	18.00

Jas. Schlitz, Milwaukee, Wis.—

	Cost.	Selling
2 cars Schlitz beer, qts. and pts. at . . . . .	\$ 9.50	\$14.40
90 days, f. o. b. Orangeburg.	9.95	18.00

Consumers' B. B. Estb., Charleston, S. C.—

	Cost.	Selling
1 car Premium Pale beer, pbs. . . . .	\$ 7.75	\$12.00
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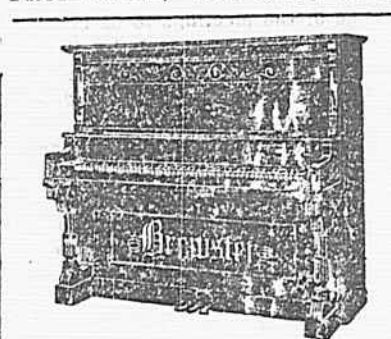
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